

# A Dragon's Trust

by Veilkia

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Drama

Language: English

Characters: OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-04-08 21:54:43

Updated: 2014-04-13 17:48:04

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:18:36

Rating: K+

Chapters: 3

Words: 5,792

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: My land has always been a scary one. Everyone lives in fear of being the next to be sacrificed to the dragon. My name is Alkina, I'm one of offerings. That all changed when I met a Storm Cutter, Verath. My mission is to save my village. As I explore deeper into the origin, I find something eerie. Something deadly that changed my life. Forever.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Hello dear Readers! This is my first HTTYD Fanfiction. I hope you enjoy the first chapter! And remember, please review!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>This is Pyrria. Everyone on this island is always afraid. There's usually not one happy feeling. Why is that? The only word I can offer is sacrifices.<p>

See, when our town was young, a dragon invaded our lands, showering everything with fire. Each time it attacked, it would drag away a human to its death. Things changed after our leader, Amos The Brave, proposed to do sacrifices. At first, none thought the dragon would listen, but it turned out it did.

Each month a human from our town would be laid out on a pole for the dragon's delight. Each month grief would haunt our dreams. My world is a harsh one, but I have learned to live with it.

I am Alkina.

This is my life, my story.

With a troubled yawn, I blinked open my drowsy eyes. The first thing that came into view was the face hovering over me. With a start, I gripped the dagger always pressed securely by my waist. I always

slept with it.

"Alkina, tell me a story!" Channary begged.

I heaved her off, blinking the exhaustion from my eyes. All I could do was stare at her in either anger or surprise.

Raising a hand, I rubbed my eyes before winking them several times. "What time is it?" I yawned, staring at my little sister.

"About midnight," she stated contentedly, as if it were a huge deal.

I glared at her. "And you woke me up to tell you a story?"

Channary shrugged, looking at me with those pools of emerald-green.

"Go back to sleep," I commanded, slumping back on my bed.

"Please Alkina!" she beseeched. "About that dragon that goes around munching everyone!"

I froze, returning to the state of staring at her. "Its nothing to go about gibbering on about," I scoffed.

"Just one story about it!" Channary implored, her eyes widening again.

"Fine. Once upon a time, he devoured a human, the end." I let out a sigh, resting my head once again on the feathered pillow.

"That's not fair!" she whined and for the first time I caught a glimmer of water near her eye.

"Is that a tear?" I inquired, sitting up on my elbows now.

Channary sniffled. "I can't sleep. Does the dragon really eat people?"

I hesitated, and at that moment it occurred to me, two days from tomorrow was the beginning of a new month. I winced, wondering who was the unlucky offering.

"I don't want you to get eaten," Channary wailed, coughing back sobs.

An icy chill seeped up my spine. "Me?" I asked, looking down at the now crying Channary.

"Yes you!" she gasped, trembling. "Mama and Dada didn't want you to know. I overheard-" she broke off, tears streaming down her face like fountains.

I was speechless. How would you feel if you had just found out you were going to be devoured by a dragon?

I clenched my hands, looking away from her sorrowful face.

"I don't want you to die," she cried, looking devastated. She was

only five and this had to be happening to her.

"It will be alright," she managed, chocking back her own fear.

"No it won't!" Her gaze met mine in a blur of terror. I was the first to look away, my gaze trailing over to the door.

"Promise you won't tell Ma or Da?" I questioned, glancing back at her tearful face. Channary's eyes twinkled with horror, but nonetheless she nodded.

"I don't want them worrying more," I sighed, noticing that my right hand was clenching my left arm so hard it had turned white.

"Go back to sleep," I told her, sweeping off my blankets and ushering her to the bed beside mine.

She sniffed, wiping her nose with her sleeve.

"Promise me something," she whispered as I began to tuck her in.

"Hmm?" I asked, feeling my hands trembling as I swept the sheets over her.

"Outwit the beast," she said, grasping my hand in hers. "Please, I can't bear to lose you as well."

With a pang, the memory rushed down on me. My brother I shook my head, trying with great difficulty to shake the freshly imprinted memory out of my mind, yet it hung tight.

"You know I can't promise such thing," I sighed, feeling the tremor throughout my body.

"Promise me," she begged.

I winced. "I promise," I murmured and felt her hand slip from mine. Her breathing eased and she was asleep.

For me, sleep wasn't easy to come. In fact, I didn't fall into a slumber from then on. I just looked up at the roof of the small hut, my thoughts swirling to horrible memories of the past, and thinking's of the future. Some of which, brought tears to my eyes. But I was tough, and I brushed them away, feeling a knot form in my throat. It was impossible to swallow. My eyes blurred and I felt them sting.

The following morning sent a ray of fresh sunlight into the outskirts of the room. The hue of the sunrise made me shiver at the thought of never seeing one again. I ignored the memory nagging at my head. I hoped that it had just been a dream, my eyes trailing over to where Channary lay in a bundle in bed.

My hands clapped together as I cantered out the room, meeting up with my Mother.

"Good morning dear," she told me with a warm smile. Although her voice was raspy, it contained all the comfort one could want.

I scanned her expression for any signs of agitation yet saw none.

A good sign, I told myself, as she beckoned with a hand.

"Your father has lost a calf to the wilderness, would you mind fetching it for him? He has lots of crops to tend to today."

At that note, I hesitated. Father had never lost sheep. Maybe this was just a coincidence.

"Alright," I promised her with a slightly inclination of my head. I disappeared back into my room, groping for my cloak.

"Good morning," Channary said with a gaping yawn. "Where are you going?"

"To fetch a calf," I responded, slipping on the velvety soft cloth. The sleeves hung loosely around my wrists.

"Ohâ€¦ Can I come with you?" I peered at her, going to the door.

"No," I answered, turning the knob.

"Aww please!"

I shook my head firmly. "Who knows? I might trespass into dragon territory." Channary did not find this amusing and crossed her arms. Despair was creeping back into those eyes.

It hadn't been a dream, I decided, my heart sinking. I ignored my speculation, again opening the door.

My mother passed me a pouch of dried and crushed berries.

"Stay safe!" she called after me as I bounded through the door. "Make sure to eat your breakfast!"

I turned around, now walking backwards. I waved, showing her I heard before returning to my usual jog. I stopped by my father who dipped his head in acknowledgment.

"Going to fetch that stray lamb, aren't you?" he inquired. He was brown with hazel green eyes. His face was wrinkled and cracked by working in the heat the entire day, but mostly it was because he liked to smile.

"Yeah," I said, letting a grin touch my cheeks.

He patted my shoulder, pointing south. "That lamb sure isn't smart to be wandering off without its mother," he conceded, slapping back a hand on my shoulder.

"Now you be safe out there, you hear?"

"Yes, sir," I told him, walking on where he had pointed. He winked at me and went back to plowing the dirt.

The sun was overhead as I reached the summit of the large hill.

Beyond there was a thick forest. I narrowed my eyes. This wasn't just a forest; it was the forest of The Forgotten Ones.

There were legends of people going insane just by getting adrift into it.

I shuddered in realization, looking around for any tracks of the baby sheep. Nothing. I took an intake of breath. No need to go getting lost in a forest haunted with ghosts and unknown monsters.

I whirled around to leave, when my foot stumbled into something. I glanced down, spotting a branch. Strange, that hadn't been there when I had passedâ€|

I knelt down with one knee, taking a closer look. Prints. It looked impossible to miss, but there they were. My gaze strayed back toward the pass in the woods. My wrists flexed, making my obsidian bracelets cling. I touched the amulet wrapped against my neck and made forward, following the small steps imprinted on the ground.

A wind howled as my foot touched the shadowy start of the woodland. The thickets expanse was vast, but nothing stirred.

The canopy's leaves rustled in the wind, casting eerie shadows into the dark. The trees were colossal figures, blotting out any source of light that tried to penetrate into ground below.

I wished I had brought something warmer, but trudged on. My feet echoed against the ground, and I paused again. Was another pair of feet following me? I listened. Nothing.

I continued, this time more silently and cautiously. I wavered to a halt, turning to auscultate. Something had defiantly paused at the sound of my footsteps ebbing to nothing.

My heart thudded. Were the Angry Ones after me? I clenched my jaw, picking at my sleeve. I drew out the glinting dagger, the puny thing standing out from the darkness.

"Whose there?" I called, hoisting my dagger in front of me. I threatening pointed it at every corner. I flexed my wrists-an idiosyncrasy when I was agitated.

Nothing replied, only the occasionally icy chills that went up my spine as I felt the wind.

Was it just the wind playing tricks on me?

"Iâ€| I don't want any trouble," I stammered, picking at my other sleeve. I drew out an oil bottle. I had forgotten to lie out an offering. I shivered, thinking of myself as a sacrifice in a couple of days.

I pulled back my hand and tossed the bottle, immediately the wind stopped. I smiled, pulling back. Abruptly, there came a growl from the bush. Again I froze.

"H-hello?" I called out again.

I clenched at my minute knife in my palms, feeling it slipping from

my grasp.

I wished I hadn't spoken, for at that moment a thing three times the size of me barreled out into the open.

With a snap of its wings, it sent a gusting chill, making myself topple over. The brown dragon was on top of me, poising his maw toward my throatâ€|

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Well that was a fast update! I hope you all enjoy. Rember to review!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>The adolescent dragon has been scouring for food for countless days. An aardvark has been his last meal, but that had been nothing compared to his size.<p>

His acoustic range-far greater then that of a human's- detected a sound nearby.

Raising his magnificent cranium, he peered through the shadows of the forest. His keen optics became slits, as he glanced through the gloom.

A flicker of movement caught his attention. He extended his wings in warning, feeling something stab through his right one. Stumbling in both surprise and slight agony, he looked at his wing. A spike, he thought in irritation, knowing what lay behind the bushes.

"Get out of my territory," the Nadder growled, her tail the only part visible in the clump of bushes.

The dragon rolled his eyes, picking out the spike that now lay etched in his wing-membrane. He spat it out, taking awhile to answer.

"This is all dragons home," he told her, examining the talon protruding from his wing. The delicate structure gleamed in the dim sunlight.

"Ha! You mean the skeletons that live here? They are long gone. Either eaten by the one who devoured them in the first place."

"Nice try on convincing me on leaving," he grumbled, folding his wings to his side.

"I can do more then just launch a spike at you," the Nadder threatened.

"And I can do more then just stand here and talk," he shot back, again rolling his eyes.

"Younglings never do respect their elders," she sighed, leaping from the bushes with a furious-and quiet intimidating-snarl. "Now get back before I slash you guts open with my spikes."

"I'm more worried about your tongue," he retorted calmly.

At the moment he said this, about a dozen spikes were hurtled at him.

He swung a wing over his head, just managing to avoid four as they sailed overhead. The other eight, however, managed to find their target. His scaly out-covering of his wing prevented the worst, but still it pained him.

He swung open his wings including that of his other pair-, his eyes turning from calm to angry.

The Nadder's eyes widened in surprise.

"You're a Stormcutter!"

"What else did you think I was?" he questioned gruffly, splaying out his two pairs of wings. He beat them fiercely, the wind howling back into action.

The Nadder returned to her protective state, sending a gust of flames directly at his face.

This, he couldn't avoid, so he opened his maw a split second early, sending his own sustained torus of flames.

Both attacks impacted on each other. When the smoke had cleared, the Stormcutter was gone.

Fighting was a waste of time at the moment. He was still starving and hadn't caught anything, and the Nadder was a real "helper" on doing just that.

He dashed around the bend, his bipedal-like feet carrying him father into the dark murk.

Maybe I could find something beside dragons, he snorted in his head.

Wariness trickled over him as he thought back to where the Nadder had spoke of a dragon eating others.

He shook his head. If that were true, why did she live there in the first place?

His hopes flared up when he spotted prints. He could tell it was one from a very young sheep. It wouldn't fill him, but at least it would bring up his strength.

The Stormcutter hesitated, examining the forest for any other signs of creatures. He didn't believe the Nadder, but something kept him on his guard.

He leaned down, looking at the trail before walking after it. His feet emitted no sound on the ground, except for the occasional thud as he looked down at an unexpected branch or root. Each step he took, a massive print buried against the minute one of the calf.

He halted again, his eyes widening in disbelief. Something slightly bigger than a baby sheep was also following the same path. He leaned

down to scent it, his body freezing at the smell he picked up.

A human.

His lips flickered into a smile. How lucky he was to find one. It would be easy pickings for he saw no other footprints of the clumsy creatures.

The dragon's head tilted, as he broke away from the calf's trail and into the human's.

He could see it had been distracted for it had wandered off the path of that of offspring.

Thud, thud, thud, went the steps of his feet. He couldn't help it now. He couldn't risk the human from escaping, especially if it were alone.

He had heard a human with its pack is trouble. You kill one of them; they come after you with their claw-sticks that can seriously sting if it pokes up your flank.

The Stormcutter had never actually eaten a human, but sometimes he heard gossip from other dragons that some had. Humans were completely edible. Well, he hoped they were. He didn't want one who would poison his gullet and he would die a horrible death.

He ignored his speculations, pausing as the trail ended.

"Fly Crash," he muttered in irritation, pacing now. His ear twitched, catching the sound of pants.

"Nadderâ€|" He muttered spotting the same one he had spoken to the previous time.

He could see that it was trying to stalk him, but it was obviously out of date. She was surely not lying when she had said she was an elder in the foul sentence she had put about younger dragons not being respectful.

"You do a horrible job on covering your prints," the Nadder panted, gasping for breath.

"I don't need too," he snorted, brushing a wing to his side. It agonized him greatly now that he thought about it. "There's nothing to hide from."

The Nadder bristled her tail, but eased her spikes back into their sheath.

"Fine," she hissed, waving a wing. "Go get devoured by the dragon for all I care." She turned to leave then paused.

"I doubt you should be looking for the sacrifice. He would get really mad."

"Again, you brought up this whole devouring deal," he sighed, flicking his tail. "And what sacrifice?"

The Nadder looked at him skeptically, then dully. "You seriously



don't know, do you?"

"Obviously," he retorted, he could tell his hunger was making him choleric.

The dragoness showed no sign of annoyance, yet instead she said, "The Great Dragon that lives in the caves. The humans offer him sacrifices from their own pack. The one you're tracking will be the next to become it."

The Stromcutter glared at her. "Your just envious I found a human in "your" woodland, but guess what? I'm not sharing."

The Nadder muttered something under her breath and looked up. "Fine, have it your way. I'll make sure I laugh when I see your bones scattered up the hill. Oh and by the way, I'm Ramada." Then she was gone, making sure to leave a few spines warningly near his feet.

"Like you scared me!" he shouted after her. He leaned down, glancing at the dirt. He hadn't told her he had lost its trail. Yet as soon as he thought that, he heard a clinking sound. His ears twitched and he held up three wings-the other he couldn't seem to lift. His wing brushed against a branch, hearing his target become alerted.

"Whose there?" he heard it say.

He peered over the bush, spotting not a woman, but a girl!

She was about half way to his shoulder-happen he wasn't fully grown yet. She was a small one with cascading blond hair flowing to her waist. Her eyes seemed to be green with flecks of citrine and violet. Her cloth that she was wearing was a cloak of velvet ringed with white. Two black bands were hanging from her wrist and on her feet were bare. The girl was holding up a dagger.

As if it could hurt him! He scoffed in his head.

The Stormcutter pulled back the wing that had made the rustle, sending a slight breeze toward the girl. She seemed to freeze, and to his surprise she threw a bottle.

She said another few audible words. Her figure was trembled with slight fear. The great beast suddenly felt it wrong to harm her, yet nonetheless he launched himself from his hiding spot, the Stormcutter's wings blew open, sending a wind so powerful it knocked her off her feet.

The girl was fighting for breath in her terror as he reared up to lunge. But something in those eyesâ€¦ It held him back. They both stood still, staring at each other.

Had he gotten soft? He growled as she tried to hold up her dagger. She froze again, her eyes twinkling with renewed fear and something else were held in those depths. Was that pain, sorrow, anger?

The dragon paused, debating what to do. His tail flicked and he scented the air. Something caught in his nostrils as he snapped his maw down toward the girl. But when he brought his cranium back to his usually height, it was a pouch he was holding.

He could tell by the way the girl was looking at him, that she was fighting an urge not to scream in panic. Then again, he had almost snapped her throat.

His delicate talons pried open the sack, and he scented the succulent smell of berries. He hooked his talon into the string that tied it together, tilting it to his maw. The dust poured in and he swallowed the small portion. He curved a forked tongue around his maw, enjoying the delicious flavor.

He looked down at the surprised girl as she tried to scramble out of his grip.

"Do you have more?" he inquired, but of course the girl only heard grunt or growls.

His body language seemed to clear it up as she shook her hands.

"N-No!" she replied, struggling now, but stilled as the Stormcutter gave her a look.

He wondered if he could kill her and get it over with. He stared at her again, his optics reflecting hers.

For some reason, he couldn't bring himself to do it. He shook his head in utter loathing at his bravery. He could kill different animals, but he couldn't slice open a human's throat! His sigh sent the girl's hair sprawling over her face as he released his grip.

She sprang back, hoisting up her dagger.

"I'm warning you, beast! Stay back." Her legs buckled with fear, but she had wits.

With a flick of his wing, a gust of wind sent the weapon soaring out of her hands. Either it was a lucky shot, or she was too frightened to hold it properly.

"Humans without their weapons are useless," he told her, wincing at the pain on his lower-left wing.

He knew perfectly well it was like talking toward a deer, for she stumbled to keep her balance.

"Puny thing. You should get back to your back," he said, and then hesitated. Was it possible that the Nadder had been saying the truth? And if so, was this little girl fleeing to not become an offering to this so called dragon living up on the caverns.

A new smell wreathed into his keen senses and out of nowhere came the small calf, hobbling along toward the girl.

It bleated in terror, catching sight of the monster. He crouched down, ready to spring, when the girl stepped in front of the calf.

She was scared of him and yet she was willing to protect the life of an insignificant creature? Then again, she had been tracking it down

first. Maybe it was her prey.

"Well too bad!" He said aloud, his growl making the branches vibrate. "I deserve it." He leaned down, showing off his vicious teeth. As much as he felt the fear inside her, she stayed put, glaring.

Then he noticed something. The forest had become darker. Not like the darkness that was caused by the canopy, but real darkness. The one when the moon rises. Night.

He froze and so did the girl. Though he didn't no quite as much as he should about the forest, he knew one thing was for sure.

The Angry Souls came out at the time. Not even a dragon could withstand their power. Thing is, they were dragons. Spirits that is. And if they found you, wish you were never bornâ€¦

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*I finally finished this chapter! Well I hope you guys like it. Remember, please review!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Look. If you haven't actually encountered a dragon, don't blame me on being all-afraid. See, you'd think that I'd overcome my fear of dragons happen that I'd literally lived with one. Wrong on one point of view. I can stay calmly by looking at one afar, like I normally did, but one close up in person? Well actually scratch that about "calmly." Imagine seeing a human-a friend or colleague- being devoured by a colossal beast.<p>

It was a massive dragon, but I could tell it was still young. Two sets of wings clung to its sides, though it was hard to determine if it actually had three or four. It was a bipedal dragon, in other words walked on two legs. The dragon had a very muscular and sturdy build, unlike anything I had seen before. The beast's face had two long spines that branched off its nose and to the side and it had a "smashed" face, kind of like an owl, you could have also called it brachycephalic.

My eyes twinkled as I defended the calf. I knew I was weaponless, but every time I moved to try and grasp my dagger, the thing would growl at me.

My heart thudded painfully against my chest as I fought down panic, however I stood my ground, facing the large beast as he tried to cut through me.

Abruptly, I hesitated. What time was it? The forest looked eerily dark. Not like the dark from the leaves above.

"Night," I gasped. Another flicker of terror ran through me. First I found out I was becoming an offering to a dragon, next I'm about to get eaten by one. How could it get worst? Oh and did I mention the Angry Ones?

The dragon tilted its head at me, seeming to notice my worries. A leathery pouch still hung like vine on his talon and my stomach

suddenly growled. I hadn't eaten anything today.

My glare pierced the dragon's gaze. It realized with an amused smile that I was angered at it. The creature bounced the pouch onto its opposing wing's talon, tossing it to me. Surprised, I caught it, hearing another bray of the calf.

The dragon's eyes flickered with hunger as he remembered his quarry.

"Stay away," I repeated, snatching for a vine on the higher branch. I had to get out of here. Just as I leaped up, the beast beat his wings, sending me again sprawling to the ground.

I cursed under my breath, clutching at my head. I was soon alerted to a piercing scream of the calf and then it was silence.

"Why youâ€¦!" I started, staring up at the dragon, but to my surpriseâ€¦

Three hairy tarantulas were busy dragging the remains of the calf's body. Except, these weren't the minute things you went to buy at the Pet Shop. They were actually the ones that were aboutâ€¦ The side of a baby elephant. How they managed to chew it up in a few seconds is still unknown to me. My horror just went out of bounds. If there's anything other than my fear of dragons, it's spiders.

My shoulders sagged, and out of the gloom came about a dozen sparks. They lit the sky in a multitude of red and amber colors. Each found their target and exploded on impact. A few shrieks followed after, but the spiders seemed unharmed.

Probablyâ€¦ I thought. Was because these were Fire Spiders. Uncanny reflexes to absorb and charge fire at their own free will. They were a good diet for dragons, but were difficult to catch. Yet for humans, it was a different story. Instead of our race eating them, it was the opposite. And it usually happened to the neighboring villages-about a few hundred miles away.

Just thinking about it made a shiver run up my spine. Very slowly though, I felt something soft and furry touch my neck. There were actually two on both shoulders, making warm contact with the flesh on my neck.

I examined the scene unfold in front of me, yet hesitated, feeling something form trickle down my head.

My heart froze and I fought down the urge to freak out. I knew what was behind me.

I couldn't hold it back any longer. I let out a scream that was abruptly cut off by one of the spider's hairy legs clogging my mouth.

The desire to vomit or otherwise cough out the foul taste in my mouth was overpowering. I felt the Fire Spider's strength as it hauled me toward the shadows of the trees.

Something had alerted the dragon and it perked its ears, turning its glossy head toward my direction. At the same moment, one of the

spider's attacked on where I thought was a wing. A roar split the air as it regained balance and was soon distracted by me.

My struggles ceased as fangs bore into my neck and the light was soon shut from my view. I was falling into a pit of darkness.

The dragon's ears swiveled around as just in the same second the spider lunged. It ambushed his weak side with the speed and agility of a Skrill.

His optics had lost sight of the girl. He had last seen her being dragged into the bushes much to his horror. The dragon had tried to save the little human's prey. He had scented the creatures before time, but he didn't actually expect them to attack.

He growled, whiplashing his tail around to hammer onto the foul thing's head. It screeched, crumpling into a pile of goo before him.

The others had already retreated and it was already obvious why.

"Oh no you don't," he muttered, extending his wings, yet wincing as he tried to open his injured one. It hadn't pained him before, but now it did.

What had the Nadder called herself? He suddenly paused in alarm. Why hadn't he realized sooner? He didn't go into detail as he pushed along on his feet, which were surprisingly heavy from the fight with the spiders.

He scoured the area, his nostrils twitching as he tried to pick up a scent. Nothing. He recalled that the Foul Begins didn't have a smellâ€¦

He let out an irritated growl, working his talons on the ground.

The dragon tilted an ear, catching the faint sound of scurrying.

"Thank the moon," he grumbled, stepping after the sound. He halted again. Why was he even helping the human? All she'd done was scoff him for eating her berries and trying to steal her prey.

Maybe it was because the day had been so tedious. Or it was the way her eyes lit up. She was an intelligent being like him. They were alike in some ways.

"Think about what you're telling yourself," a voice sounded behind him. "You're not saving her just to save her. You're actually afraid of what I told you. About the dragon in the mountain."

The Storm Cutter whirled around to face the Nadder.

"Listen, I don't have time-" His optics narrowed as he remembered who she truly was.

"Your smarter then you look," she cooed in that eerie voice. "I forgot to ask what your name it."

"You never forget," he murmured. The dragon swept his tail around,

jogging into the night.

"I'm nameless," he said over his shoulder, before melting into the darkness.

If you have a dislike for spiders, imagine being stuck in a web about the size of a house, spread through an entire valley of the forest. And I forgot to mention, you're covered in string and staring at the biggest arachnid in the world.

I moaned as I regained consciousness.

"Channaryâ€¦ I had this horrible dream," I started, going to stretch my arm, but surprisingly they were stuck tight against my waists.

My eyes lids felt heavy, and each time I tried to open them, they would drop back down. "What in the name of-" I froze finally managing to do so.

Everything was blurry, and not much detail was added to my fuzzy thoughts. But now, I remember with a sickening jolt at the destination I had been brought to.

I struggled against my bindings yet of course, to no avail. I clenched my teeth as I sagged down again, my sudden exhaustion taking its toll.

"No," I rasped to myself, again trying to locate a way to break free.

Suddenly, the web shook as something climbed on. I froze, my teeth set as I tried to reach for my dagger, but I knew it wasn't there.

Something tore through the trees. An icy wind by the feel of it. I felt the web halt from its vibrating. Several hissing sounds followed. Then with a roar, the wind started up again.

Was that the dragon I had seen earlier? My desire was to shift my head to catch a glimpse, but my form was tightly woven with that devious web.

Another wind was hurled into the air, sending a frenzy of the arachnids scrambling in the direction, leaving me alone again. Well, not entirely.

A heated breeze -overhead- sank onto my face. Wait, the wind doesn't tend to go downâ€¦

I glanced up â€" the only direction I could look â€" fearing the worst. A head tilted down at me, like a bat, except it was something different.

That same dragon.

It was simple maneuvering into the spider's territory. Dragons enjoyed devouring them, so he had a few snacks to actually fill him. He had learned a long time ago that the Fire Spiders always went the same direction the wind did. It was unknown to either kind why, but it didn't matter.

The most difficult part was to sneak out the girl without them noticing. He could ambush a few at a time, but not a whole hoard. He unclipped his wing-talons from the branch, leaning down and snapping his teeth across the web.

The stuff was tough and chewy in his maw and he tried not to gag.

Though in quick progress, he had it broken. He doubted the girl, however, would enjoy his teeth at a very close propinquity to her body.

The girl seemed content and slightly fearful at his approach.

He leaned his wing-talon, hooking it around the web. Probably it would have been better to snap them with his teeth, but he ignored her renewed wriggling.

The dragon then snipped a graceful line through it. He was surprised that it was easier than the web, but he ignored it.

"Come on," he urged, and he received a blank expression.

He hesitated, hearing the approach of little feet.

The Fire Spiders were back.

End  
file.